

Tom's Miserable Luck

By JAMES C. PURDY.

"DUNNO how 'tis our Tom always has such miserable luck. I'm sure no boy tries harder for a chance to work and no boy's capableness is so big as his. He always seems to go against him, somehow."

Indeed, there seemed to be some ground for Mrs. Gill's complaint. Tom certainly did have a great many falls in his wrestling with the world. He was bright and active, not vicious and not lazy. He found plenty of opportunities to work, but the opportunities did not last.

"Tom hasn't got influence," his mother would sigh in explanation. "It takes influence to push a boy on, and how's a poor boy to get any influence?"

When Tom was discharged from the Electrical Works, he assumed that his place was wanted for the son of some stockholder. The manager's explanation was different, but Tom's mother believed Tom.

As winter approached, the need at home was more urgent than ever, for the mother herself had fallen down the cellar stairs, and was woefully lame in consequence.

"I ought to have remembered that broken step," she said, dolefully. "Tom was going to fix it when it first got broke, but he kept putting it off, somehow."

Under pressure of necessity, Tom announced himself as an odd jobber. He was handy and apt at many things; he could put an electric light in order, rig up an electric gas-lighting attachment, put a new washer on a leaky spigot, contrive a kitchen shelf, mend a broken bracket, replace a shattered window-pane. All these things he undertook to do now, as well as to manage the furnace fires in people's cellars.

Mrs. Byrd gave him his first trial. She was not rich, she did not keep a servant, but her word of commendation went far with the many rich people among her friends. Being interested in Tom's mother, she gave the boy two or three small jobs to do, and he did them well.

"You might try him," she said to her friends, "but don't promise any steady work till we see how he holds out. For he has had an unbroken run or what his mother calls 'miserable luck.' Perhaps his luck has changed now."

So Tom was given a good many jobs. Presently winter was close at hand, and furnace fires must be started.

"Build mine at once," Mrs. Byrd said to Tom. "I will tell you exactly how I wish it managed." And she concluded: "I take you on trial for two weeks. It depends on yourself."



"BUT ISN'T A BARGAIN A BARGAIN?" whether the trial shall last longer than that."

Then she was reminded that some boy had broken a pane of glass in the cellar window facing north.

"Put a whole pane of glass in there," she said, "before the first freeze. It won't do to have that water-pipe frozen."

"I'll put it in to-morrow morning," said Tom.

"Very well, I'll trust you for that." The mild weather lasted nearly a fortnight after this, and furnace fires were kept as low as possible. Tom had several of them to attend to, but not quite so many as at first. Already his miserable luck had caught up with him again. Several of his new employers had dispensed with him. Mr. Crane told him bluntly that, since he had "skipped" a day, he need not come back to finish weather-stripping the windows. When he went to lay Mrs. Wilson's vestibule oilcloth, he found it already in place. It was discouraging, but still Tom did not give up.

The disappointment at Judge Grey's came near making him do that, however. He was called there to put an electric bell in order, and to put new wires to the gas-lighting attachment. He soon had the bell working perfectly, but when he went back, three days later, with the wire for the other job, he found that a regular electrician had been called in his stead, and that the work was already done. Why? Certainly no electrician in the city could do that job better than Tom Gill could do it; and just because he had put off doing it for a couple of days!

The cold weather came suddenly. People woke in the night shivering for more blankets, and the next morning all ponds were covered with ice. Then the wind rose, and came in an arctic gale straight from the north. It blew so all day and all night, and before the second morning dawned the cold was bitter.

That second morning Tom was a full half hour late in getting to Mrs. Byrd's. She was in the kitchen to receive him, and he noticed a certain unusual graciousness in her manner.

"I ain't just on the minute this morning," he said, with his pleasant laugh. "Red felt so good, I lay a little too long."

"Just a little," said Mrs. Byrd, smoothly. "Now that you mention it, I think you have been a little late every morning; half hour or so."

Tom gave her an apprehensive look. "Well, you see, them warm mornings I thought it wouldn't make any difference, you see."

"But isn't a bargain a bargain?" she asked, calmly. "You know you agreed to be here every morning at half-past six, and don't you think I had a right to expect you at that time? I may be wrong, but it seems to me it was none."

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will promptly restore to health those suffering from kidney complaints, affection of the bladder, stricture, bad condition of the urine and those suffering from blood diseases due to the improper action of the kidneys.

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of your business what the weather was.

"Oh, well, if you look at it that way—"

"And another thing," she interrupted him, in the same even tone. "Yesterday morning you left the furnace with only a very little coal in it, saying you would come back after breakfast. I am afraid your mother was wiser, or you certainly would have come, especially as it was such a cold day."

"N-no, m'am, mother wasn't any worse, but—I'll tell you. One of our neighbors came in and wanted me to put up her stove—just a thank-you job—and I thought just for once maybe it wouldn't be any hardship for you to put on a shovelful or two, till—"

"No hardship at all, I assure you, for I didn't do it. I was out most of the day and all the evening. Didn't you find the fire rather low when you came in the evening?"

"Yes, m'am, but I coaxed it up as well as I could, and I thought it would be—"

"I imagined so, for the house seemed cold to me when I came in. Don't you think it is a little below normal this morning, even?"

She led him into the dining-room; it was as cold as a sawmill. "Perhaps it would be as well to go down now and see what can be done to improve matters," she said, and with the same dangerous sweetness of manner she opened the cellar door and followed close behind him down the stairs.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!"

At the foot of the stairway Tom stopped, pale, speechless, overwhelmed. The cellar was flooded with water, and a small cataract was still pouring into it. The water pipe had burst.

Mrs. Byrd, close beside him, uttered a cry of fresh dismay. Bad as the situation had been 15 minutes earlier, it was worse now. Her voice roused Tom from his stupor, and he splashed away through the water to the cut-off, turned it, and so stopped the rush. Then he waded to the furnace; it was fireless, and had been so since the night before. There, staring him out of countenance, was the vacant space into which he had promised to put a pane two weeks ago.

"I thought a few more days wouldn't matter—and I wasn't expecting the freeze yet, and anyhow I put a board against it last night. It must have blown in," he muttered, trying to excuse himself.

"And you are the one that never went back on a bargain!"

"Never went back on a bargain!" she repeated. "You never did anything else! I knew your record, but I thought you might have learned a lesson at last, so I gave you one more chance; and this is the use you have made of it! You have cheated every friend I recommended you to. Even my friend Judge Grey could not put up with your dilly-dallying! You are an out-and-out swindler from first to last!"

"No, m'am, I ain't! Excuse me, but I ain't!" He came and looked straight into her angry eyes. There was a new sort of dignity in his respectful tone and in his pale face. "I was, but my luck's changed, and I ain't now."

"Go! I have no patience for any more experiments. Go!"

He went meekly up the stairs. She followed him slowly, with the uncomfortable feeling every sensible person has after a fit of anger; she had said more than she had meant to say, although no more than the occasion called for. Besides, there had been a ring of sincerity in his voice, and a look in his eyes that added to her discomfort.

When she reached the kitchen Tom was at the door ready to go out. He faced her, and in a businesslike tone said the most unexpected thing possible: "What plumber shall I go for? That pipe must be fixed right away."

"What have you to do with that? Don't you understand? You are discharged."

"No, m'am, I ain't. Excuse me, but really I ain't. You see, it's just this way. I've got to keep on working for you, and for all the rest of the folks that dropped me, so as to make up for the way I've been doing. Understand? I ain't asking pay from you or from them; only to make it up to you. I can see now that I'm in debt, and I want to pay up, that's all. And I want to prove that my luck's changed."

She wavered an instant, then laughed in spite of herself. "I really believe your luck has changed! It used to be that you wouldn't stay in a situation, and now you won't stay out of one! Well, run off and get Brown, the plumber, here as soon as you can. Then come back and build that furnace fire. The house is as cold as a barn, and I want my breakfast."

He went and came. And all winter he kept coming and going, not only to that house, but to one after another of the houses that had dispensed with him. His employers wondered if the reform would last; but long before spring all were convinced that his luck had changed indeed. Before another winter came he was back in the electrical works, and there he has stayed ever since.—Youth's Companion.

The Humid Days.
The humid days have come again.
The stickiest of the year,
When people's doors and underclothes
Provokingly adhere.

A GLOOMY REPORT.

Consul Stowe, at Cape Town, Tells of Situation in South Africa.

Draws a Dismal Picture of Language-Trade, Race Hatred and Plague Among Dutch Laborers and Difficulty in Unloading Ships.

Consul Stowe, at Cape Town, has sent to the state department a gloomy report on the trade situation in South Africa. "The war drags along," he says. "Trade in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony languishes. The fields are bare and practically no planting has been attempted. Several thousand uitlanders have returned to Johannesburg to prepare the mines for future operation. A number of these mines are at present engaged in working up the ore mined before the outbreak of the war, but they cannot run at full capacity until the return of the native refugees, which will probably not be until after the cessation of hostilities."

"It was hoped that the vast amount of merchandise, mining machinery, and supplies awaiting transportation at the coast ports could be entrained, and a considerable number of freight cars and engines had been secured for that purpose (20 of these locomotives were purchased in the United States); but with the liberation of orders came the bubonic plague, which, by the way, prevented the moving of trains, caused an exodus of the population, and upset values."

"The plague appeared among the dock laborers, who, through fear, stopped work. Aside from the dread of the natives of the disease the compulsory inoculation of all persons employed at the docks added to their terror. As a result vessels were often obliged to remain in the bay for weeks. Several American ships have been delayed for as long as two or three months. The unloading of cargo was slow enough, and the plague only added to the confusion."

"At one time there were in the harbor no fewer than 100 steamships and quite as many sailing vessels, with cargoes valued at \$25,000,000. Government and military supplies are always discharged first."

BIG MAHOGANY LOG.

A Baltimore Firm Imports an Extra Large Stick from West Coast of Africa.

Lying on pier 35 at Locust Point, Baltimore, is the largest log of African mahogany ever imported into the United States. It was brought here by the Johnston line steamer Quermore from Liverpool. The big stick is 30½ feet long and each of its four sides has a face of 40 inches. It contains 37,000 superficial feet, board measure, of mahogany.

The average mahogany log is about 14 feet long with a face of 24 inches. It is the first timber of the kind ever imported direct to Baltimore, the trade having previously got its material through Boston or New York. The timber came from the west coast of Africa and was cut down 800 miles over swamp land by elephants and then floated down a river to the coast, where it was placed aboard a steamer for Liverpool. The wood is consigned to the Baltimore Mahogany Manufacturing company, J. R. Bates, manager, and will be used as counter tops. Its value is unusual, owing to the exceptional length and breadth of the timber.

WON'T WEAR NEW HATS.

Pullman Car Employees Up in Arms Against the New "Fee-doodle-dee-dikes."

"The autocrats autocratized," or "They reneged against the fee-doodle-dee-dikes." This little farce is billed to open November 1 on the circuit of the Pullman Palace Car company, with President Wickes as the bold, bad author of the fee-doodle-dee-dike proposition and the princes and dukes who hold imperial sway on board cars of the corporation as conductors and porters in the general part of outraged populace.

A fee-doodle-dee-dike, by the way, is a hat. At least that is what President Wickes and the men who made them say. An order is said to have gone forth from the main office of the company at Chicago to the effect that after November 1 all employees of the company would be expected to appear under the new headgear.

The Pullman employees say the new cap will make them look like the German comedian in the stock company. They declare they will not wear the fee-doodle-dee-dike.

Good Men Going Into Navy.

Chaplain Harry Jones, of the American training ship Monongahela, in an address at the Church of Strangers, New York, the other night, said that few persons knew what kind of men were getting into the navy. At the apprentices barracks in Newport, where there are 1,174 boys, he said there were sons of congressmen and men in professional life. They came from all parts of the country and most of them have had the finest kind of home training.

Of the 438 men and boys that the Monongahela will take out on her next cruise 291, he said, are total abstainers.

Not Always Wrong.

The college professors generally admit that "Lead, Kindly Light," isn't doggerel. This teaches us, remarks the Chicago Record-Herald, that even sensational college professors are not likely to be wrong all the time.

St. Dailing, 1012 Howard street, Port Huron, Mich., writes: "I have tried many pills and laxatives but DeWitt's Little Early Risers are far the best pills I have ever used." They never gripe. W. R. Smith & Co.

"Well," said the oyster, "you're up against it. You are going to be extinct in about twenty-five years."

"I know it," gloomily responded the lobster, "but when I go I won't leave any meanly vegetable substitute behind me, and that's more than you can say."

FINDS CURE FOR EPILEPSY.

Prof. French, of Illinois, Believes His Experiments Have Been Entirely Successful.

There appeared in the columns of the Chicago Chronicle several weeks ago a complete history of the discovery by Prof. George H. French, of the University of Illinois state normal university, of the parasite that causes epilepsy. Since that time a series of investigations covering all sections of the country has been in progress in an attempt to find a cure that would apply to cases caused by the parasite. From Kentucky, Michigan, Indiana and the coast patients have been treated by physicians along Prof. French's line of investigation, with the result that a temporary remedy was compounded.

Recently a Miss Crane, of Tamarac, sister of an alumnus of the school, who had suffered for 13 years with the disease, began the treatment and has now reached such a point that a recurrence of the malady is considered improbable. Her mind is growing clearer and her general health has surprised even her family.

Prof. French said: "I consider the case of Miss Crane a remarkable cure. I have the remedy and treatment nearly completed and when it is I shall gladly give it to the world—both the medical profession and laymen alike. The people are entitled to my discovery."

CANNON AS FIRE APPARATUS.

Chief Musham, of Chicago, May Ask Guns as Defense Against Oil Explosions.

Cannon for use in fires where explosions of oil tanks are threatened may be asked of the Chicago city council by Fire Marshal Musham. The disastrous fire at Point Breeze, a suburb of Philadelphia, the other day, at which more than a dozen firemen lost their lives by the explosion of a tank containing hundreds of gallons of benzine, has stirred to action the fire and building departments. While the tanks in Chicago are not clustered so closely as those at Point Breeze, they are numerous, and Assistant Fire Marshal Campion says they are much more dangerous, because in Chicago oil is often stored in the third or fourth stories of buildings.

In places where the slope of the ground will allow of burning oil to escape cannon are often fired at the tanks. The oil runs out through the holes made by the cannon balls and the danger of an explosion is averted. Chief Musham said that the fire department could make good use of a few six-inch cannon.

TO RIDE BIKE OVER FALLS.

George H. Farrell, of Chicago, Plans Daring Feat of Pedaling Across Niagara on a Rope.

George H. Farrell, who is at present stopping in Buffalo, but whose home address is No. 6823 Parrell avenue, Chicago, was at Niagara Falls the other day making arrangements for stretching a rope cable across the gorge from cliff to cliff between the cantilever and lower steel arch bridges, his intention being to cross the gorge on the rope while riding a bicycle having grooved wheels.

He stated that he had secured a cable in Buffalo. At the point where it is expected to stretch the rope the cliffs are about 500 feet apart. In making the trip Farrell says he will carry a balancing pole of pipe, about 50 feet long. He appeared confident that he could make the trip, anticipating no trouble in ascending the slope of the cable from the center. However, he made nervous inquiries as to how far he would plunge if he fell.

Secret of Coston Light.

Now that William Coston, son of the original inventor of the famous Coston light signals, is dead, the secret process by which these lights are made is known by but one person. That one is Mr. Coston's eldest daughter, Miss Coston, who is going to keep her secret. She is less than 20 years old, but an inquiry as to whether she was experienced enough to take up the management of her father's business was met with a scornful laugh. "I can't tell you just what I'm going to do with the business," she said. "But I know all about the lights. For a long time I've been the only assistant of my father in his laboratory. He taught me all he knew himself, or as much as I had time to learn, and now, even if I should lose the formulae he gave me, I could write them off from memory."

Use of Bible Discontinued.

The use of the Bible in the public school at Oxford, Chenango county, N. Y., will be discontinued within the near future, the district having decided that question by a vote of 36 to 16.

Father Mahon, one of the local clergy, introduced a resolution which was adopted after a spirited discussion. It required the board to prevent the use of school buildings for religious meetings and exercises, both on school days and otherwise, and also abolish the prevailing custom of reading the Scriptures, the offering prayer, the singing of religious hymns and selections in said school building in the presence of the teachers and pupils and to abolish all forms and methods of religious exercises and worship of every name and kind at all times, whether before, after or during school hours."

A Kansas Trapper.

Benjamin Ferguson, living ten miles east of Dodge City, claims to be the champion trapper of western Kansas. During last winter he killed 300 raccoons, coyotes and badgers, most of which he skinned and sold.

"Did you say he was a successful inventor?"

"No; he isn't a successful inventor. He keeps on thinking out improvements in machinery, instead of hustling around and getting his name into the newspapers."

A never failing cure for cuts, burns, scalds, ulcers wounds and sores is DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. A most soothing and healing remedy for all skin affections. Accept only the genuine. W. R. Smith & Co.

Reduced Rates via B. & O. S.-W.

From Hillsboro, Ohio.

Cleveland, Ohio. 35th National Encampment, G. A. R. Tickets sold Sept 8th to 12th inclusive, good to return to and including Sept 15th with privileges of an extension until October 8th for an additional payment of 50 cents. Rate for round trip \$4.70.

Indianapolis, Ind. Sovereign Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F. Tickets sold Sept. 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th, good to return to and including Sept. 23. Rate for round trip \$5.05.

Cincinnati, Ohio. Fall Festival. Tickets sold Sept 10th to 28 good returning until Sept. 30th at rate of \$2.35 for round trip.

Will also sell tickets Sept 16th, 18th, 20th, 23rd, 25th and 27th, good for return next day following date of sale at rate of \$1.75 for round trip.

San Francisco, Cal. General Convention Episcopal Church. Tickets on sale Sept. 18th to 26th inclusive, good to return until November 15th at rate of \$58.25 for round trip.

Cleveland, Ohio. Grand Lodge F. & A. M. Tickets on sale October 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th good returning until October 25th at rate of \$7.05 for round trip.

Lower Rates to Buffalo, N. Y.

Commencing August 23, 1901, and until further notice the Baltimore & Southwestern R. R., will sell excursion tickets account the Pan-American Exposition, from Hillsboro, O., to Buffalo, N. Y. and return at the following reduced rates:

\$18.00 with final return limit October 31st.

\$16.10 with final return limit 20 days from date of sale.

\$13.05 with final return limit 15 days from date of sale.

\$8.45 with final return limit 6 days from date of sale.

Tickets sold at the rate of \$8.45 will be good on Tuesdays only and will be good leaving Buffalo up to midnight of the Sunday following date of sale but will not be honored in sleeping or parlor cars.

All classes of excursion tickets to Buffalo permit passengers to travel between Cleveland and Buffalo either by rail or water.

J. E. SANDS, Agent.

A Night of Terror.

"Awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from Pneumonia before morning writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest, and Lung Diseases. Only 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at W. R. Smith & Co.'s drug store.

"We are pleased," said the president of the bank to the young clerk, "to notice that you always strike an exact and correct balance with no trouble at all."

"Thank you," answered the new clerk, "I think I inherit the talent."

"How is that?"

"Well, my mother was a tightrope walker and my father a trick bicyclist."

Geo. W. Lane, Pawamow, Mich., writes: "Your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the best remedy for indigestion and stomach trouble that I ever used. For years I suffered from dyspepsia, at times compelling me to stay in bed and causing me untold agony. I am completely cured by Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. In recommending it to friends who suffer from indigestion I always offer to pay for it if it fails. Thus far I have never paid." W. R. Smith & Co.

Niece—As we're both single, Auntie, we haven't any experience!

Maiden Aunt—But I'm older than you—

Niece—Well, you've had a longer experience!

B. W. Pursell, Kinterville, Pa., says he suffered 25 years with piles and could obtain no relief until DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve effected a permanent cure. Counterfeits are worthless. W. R. Smith & Co.

The wife—My dressmaker's bill is twice as much as I expected.

The husband—(triumphantly)—Ah! But I expected it would be twice as much as we expected it would be.

"But it is twice as much as that!"

To Cure A Cold in One Day

Take Luxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. 25c.

"The man I marry," she said, "must have a family back of him."

"All right," replied the widower, "I have three boys and a little girl that are fairly aching to have you be a mother to them."

Home-Seekers' Rates to the West and South.

Until further notice, on the first and third Tuesday of each month the B. & O. S.-W. R. R. will sell round trip home-seekers' tickets to points in the extreme west and south at about one fare for the round trip, allowing stop overs enroute according to the stop over arrangements of the different lines over which tickets read.

Excellent service. S. Id trains. No change of depots. For full particulars cheerfully given, call on or address J. E. SANDS, Agent, Hillsboro, O.

Farmers: We have no time to come to see you this fall, but will sell you a straight acid fertilizer at \$14.00 and Darling or Swifts pure ground bone at \$24.00 per ton. Come in and leave your orders at Hillsboro Imp't. Co.

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News-Herald

HILLSBORO, OHIO.

National Glass Company's Exhibit, Pan-American Exposition.

The above Company, which operates twenty-one plants, with main office at Pittsburgh, Pa., has erected a complete factory on the Pan-American Grounds and show all processes of manufacturing glass from the raw material to the finished product, varying in value from a few cents to hundreds of dollars for each piece.

They also show processes of cutting, engraving, etching, decorating and spinning and weaving glass into cloth. They exhibit a full size figure of Miss Maxine Elliott, the celebrated actress, draped with dress woven from glass, and furniture upholstered with glass cloth.

Their exhibit is the only manufacturing exhibit on the grounds, and is really the best educational feature of the Pan-American.

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Excellent service. S. Id trains. No change of depots. For full particulars cheerfully given, call on or address J. E. SANDS, Agent, Hillsboro, O.

He—I am afraid my religious views are not the same as yours, dear.
She—That need not necessarily make any difference. We both